



NEW YORK BEFORE IT WAS DEMAGNETIZED

Beneath the big receiving float of the F. C. & A. Aerial line twinkled the scattered night lights of New York city—the new New York, the New York of 1962. Capt. Martin MacManus, master pilot, retired, and the young float superintendent puffed luxuriously at their midnight cigars and gazed down into the vast silence.

Hundreds of tiny air craft, their single white turret lights marking them as private, streamed to and fro along the passenger lanes. The traffic lanes were empty, save for the inevitable lumbering newspaper carriers bearing the hour's papers to the express floats at the lower end of the island.

No hum of crowded humanity came upward through the night to the float, for the humanity that once had packed Manhattan island now was scattered over the new 200 mile Metropolitan area, a feat that had been made possible by Durand's mastery of the law of gravitation and the consequent development of cheap, safe and swift aerial transportation.

"And they tell me," said the superintendent musingly, "that once upon a time that island was crowded so tightly that people were pushed off the pier."

"Aye," said Captain MacManus. "In the days of my youth, the year of 1912 and thereabouts, such was the case."

"But why," persisted the younger man, "why did the people swarm so to that little island when there was the whole open country all around?"

"Because," said MacManus, "it was New York."

"New York, my boy," continued the veteran, "New York was New York. If you had lived in that time you would have understood what that meant. Now that people have stopped imitating sheep and moths, it is hard

to go who expected to be the boss some day. He'd go home at night and sleep, and he'd save a little money. But soon the bug would start working on him. The first symptom would show in his buying a cane and discovering Broadway. The next downward step would be learning to eat spaghetti in Italian restaurants. After that the rest was simple. The young man would go home in the evening, but only to change his collar and get his stick. Sometimes he would eat and sometimes he wouldn't. But no matter, when you'd see him up town at night under the lights you had to admit that he looked like a typical New Yorker, and that was what the young man's soul craved. After that he'd go home and find that the day had not been misspent.

"By this time if you ever asked him if he hadn't come from Oskaloosa, or Chicago, or some other American city he'd be ready to fight. He was a New Yorker by this time, and if he got as far as Coney Island he thought he was traveling. And with this close the book on a young but misspent life. For nobody ever recovered after the bug had done its work. They were sealed to Manhattan Island then. They would rather live there thirty minutes than any other place thirty years; they said so themselves. That was why the park benches always were so full.

"What became of them all? Nobody knew—or cared. New York was the first city in this country to discover that it could do away with its heart and soul. People used to talk about 'the heart of New York.' It had none. Other cities tried to imitate it in this, but they looked like nice little school children playing robbers. If a person had money all of New York knew where he was. You bet it did; it needed him in its business. If he had no money, nobody except perhaps the po-

"There was a place called Coney Island, too, wasn't there?" said the superintendent.

"Yes. Coney Island was the most crowded spot on the globe in summer time. On a Sunday it was packed tighter than Manhattan Island. The New Yorker's idea of a change of scene was to get out of one crowded into a bigger one. When he was jammed in so tight that his lungs couldn't work he was happy. The straight front corset was invented in New York at this time for obvious reasons."

"The people coming into New York from the rest of the country must have felt strangely out of place," mused the superintendent.

"They did," said the captain, "if they came from the United States. The visitor from Kalamazoo would try to get chummy with his neighbor in the theater. Kalamazoo? The neighbor would say, 'It's in Africa, isn't it?' 'No, Michigan.' 'Oh, yes, Michigan.' That's one of the western states, what? The best part of it was that the other fellow has just got in from Muncie Ind., the day before. But suppose you came from London—Oh! dear chap, then you were at home, really. New York always felt ashamed of the fact that it was located so near to America. English styles used to come out there before they did in London. When the president of the United States paid the town a visit they sent a traffic policeman to the depot to see that his taxi didn't break any speed laws. When any member of English royalty declined to come over the mounted police were swept away like chaff by the surge of free-born New Yorkers rushing forward to get in the moving picture of 'Crowds Waiting Arrival of Duke of Connaught.' If the royal machine would hit a citizen the man would die happy. Such was the patriotism of that great city at that time."

"Didn't they ever go out and see the rest of the country?" said the superintendent.

"Only when they had to. The only time they enjoyed themselves was when they stepped up and registered from New York city. The rest of the time they were wishing they were back in the crowd."

The superintendent stared musingly down into the silent space below.

"There must have been something about the town, after all, to make such a strong attraction," said he.

"There was," said Captain MacManus. "About five million people."

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ONE BOY'S BRILLIANT IDEA

Youngster Told His Father to Try Scissors and So Invented Reaping Machine.

In 1830 Obed Hussey of Ohio was inventing a reaping machine, the first ever designed in this country. His chief difficulty was the cutting device, which was three large sickles, set in a frame and revolved so as to cut into the grain. It did not work satisfactorily.

A young son, watching the experiment, asked his father why he did not use a lot of big scissors, with one handle fastened to one bar, and the other handle to a sliding bar, thus opening and closing them. Hussey instantly adopted the idea, substituting for scissors the two saw-toothed blades which are in common use today on harvesters. The cutting action being quite similar to that of scissors.

From the boy's suggestion he perfected in one week a machine on which he had in vain exercised all his ingenuity for the preceding two years.

The principle of the cutting device is the principle of all of the great harvesting machines, and its benefit to the farming industry of the entire world has been unsurpassed by any other invention for use on the farm—Saint Nicholas.

San Francisco's Founder.

The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Father Francis J. Serra, the founder of San Francisco, will be celebrated in that city and by many Catholic societies throughout the nation on November 24. Father Serra, a Franciscan, was born in the Spanish island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean, November 24, 1713. He first went to Mexico, and reached the palace of the Montezumas on New Year's day, 1750. His first labors were among the Indians of the Sierra Gorda. He was afterward superior of a band of priests in Lower California. He accompanied the military expedition of Galvez into what is now the state of California, and established the first mission at San Diego. At the time the Declaration of Independence was being drafted in Philadelphia, Father Serra and the three priests accompanying him were, on June 7, 1776, founding a mission three thousand miles away on the present site of San Francisco, which was named by them in honor of their order. He died on the 29th of August, 1784, at the age of seventy-one.

Will Denounce Fake Cures.

As a special feature of the Tuberculosis day campaign, December 7, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will urge clergymen in all parts of the United States to denounce fake consumption cures from their pulpits. Millions of dollars are spent by church members and others on valueless remedies of this character, according to the association's records. Literature showing in detail the methods of fake cure vendors will be sent on request to any clergymen by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York city.

Predicts Another Flood.

Segundo Sanchez, a native of Panama, is prophesying another Noachian flood—and the destruction of humanity by it, having apparently been unhinged by the magnitude of the operations which joined the Atlantic and the Pacific. He has, it is reported, produced such an impression by his exhortations that his followers have built an ark and are engaged in collecting animals, "two by two," for preservation when the deluge comes.



"How many people in Atlanta," asks the Constitution of that city, "know to a certainty that their domestic servants do not come from diseased homes?" And in the discussion it puts forth these pertinent truths: "The business of safeguarding the health of the community, in its negro as well as its white sections, is that of self-preservation and not sentiment or philanthropy. The disease germ is the original demagogue. It ignores the boundary line of race, of wealth and of station, as well as of mere geography. It knows no prejudices, inherited or acquired. It is murderously impartial in its depredations. You may not believe you are your brother's keeper, and you may be a trifle cynical about your 'duty' to the negro. But you can hardly be negligent about your duty to your own child, and your own health personally, and keep a clean conscience."

The Post for years has been stressing the importance of this very question for all southern cities. It has repeatedly urged upon the people of Houston that they cannot afford, even from the selfish point of view, to ignore the living conditions of the negro population. The negroes are the domestic servants of the servant-employing class of the southern cities. The negroes are a part of the life of the south, and will always be, and even if the white who employ them are not concerned in philanthropy at all, they owe it to themselves to have a deep concern for everything affecting the health and morals of the negro people.

The nobler part is, of course, to realize in a broad and sympathetic sense our obligation to aid the negroes to better standards of living, because they are in so many respects dependent upon the whites and because they so implicitly rely upon the whites.

It will be to our everlasting honor and glory if history shall be able to say of us that we accepted the problems the war left us, and worked them out kindly, intelligently and well, but if we are concerned only for our own welfare, then it will be secondary philanthropy for us to see that living conditions among the negroes are such that they will not menace the health and prosperity of the white people.

Negroes living amid insanitary conditions in southern cities are going to suffer the hardships of poverty and disease, they are going to suffer contamination and destruction in a moral sense, they are going to be a heavily consuming and inefficient element of population.

But the whites will not be able to escape the consequences. They will have to bear the economic losses that a large and inefficient mass is certain to inflict, they will be victimized by the diseases that spread death and disaster among poorly housed and miserably envied human beings, and they will not escape the deadly blight of the immorality and vice that thrive among the ignorant, the desperate and the neglected poor.

The vital statistics of every southern city reveal the inevitable consequence of inefficiency to conditions among the negroes—the servant class that brings into well-kept homes the deadly germs that multiply amid the miserable conditions that afflict the negro sections of so many southern cities.—Houston (Tex.) Post.

Golf enthusiasts in Massachusetts yearly spend about \$800,000 on the game.

The 300 striking negro students of Shaw university at Raleigh, N. C., forwarded a memorial to the trustees of the institution in New York asking that Dr. Charles Meserve, president of the institution, be removed and a negro be put in his place.

President Meserve, backed by southern white members of the faculty, issued an ultimatum ordering all rebellious students to resume their places at once, under penalty of expulsion.

During the holiday a student married, against the college rules, and was dismissed. The boys asked to be heard through a committee. Dr. Meserve refused to receive the committee, but agreed to hear any individual. The strike resulted.

The most exhaustive of tests have shown that it takes only one-seventh of a second for a wireless signal to pass across the continent from Washington to San Francisco.

A Wyandotte hen belonging to Francis Baines, a well-known Wiltshire (England) poultry expert, has laid 588 eggs in the three years it has lived.

In Glasgow in 1912 there were erected 11 warehouses and shops, 104 factories and stores and 11 new churches and halls.

Although Belgium has reduced the working day of its coal miners to nine hours, the enforcement of the law has not apparently affected the production.

The material taken from the Panama canal would make a pile higher than the Woolworth building in New York and 1,350 feet square at the base.

Really Had the Best of It. A southern negro put up a sign on his place, "For Sale." He was ridiculed, and changed it to "sell," and finally tried a third time, his sign reading "Sell." It had not been up an hour when an old colored man came along and queried: "Does you mean dat dis place am fur Sally? What yer gwine to giv' de place to Sally fur?" "Am you findin' fault wid dat sign?" asked the other. "Well, I doan' quite catch on to be spella'." "You doan' sh'! You got seven hundred dollars to pay

For the first time since 1905, a colored boy is among the senior officers at Harvard. Alexander Louis Jackson of Englewood, N. J., was chosen class orator at the 1914 election a few days ago, and will write and deliver the oration, which is one of the principal parts of the exercises in Sanders theater on the morning of class day.

Jackson has been a member of the varsity track teams for two seasons. He is one of the best hurdlers now in the eastern colleges, particularly good over the high hurdles, but fast in both events, and has won many points for the Crimson teams in various meets.

He has not been particularly prominent in other ways during his college course. He has won good grades, though he is not in the honor class. At Andover he won several prizes in public speaking, but at Harvard he has been so much occupied with other affairs that he has not tried for the prizes in speaking, though he has taken some of the courses offered. He is preparing for a teaching position in some one of the negro schools of the south.

It is not the first time that a negro has been honored by election to such office at Harvard. The last time was with the class of 1905, when William Clarence Matthews, a clever baseball player, was chosen a member of the class day committee.

In the years before that, the election of negro orators was quite frequent with the college classes. William H. Lewis, who has since been an assistant attorney general of the United States, was a commencement speaker on his graduation from the law school in 1895. He was not a graduate of Harvard college, but had his college education at Amherst, where he was graduated in 1892.

There are in the southern states 9,000,000 negroes, writes Booker T. Washington. There are 3,000,000 negro children of school age. Fifty-three per cent., or more than half, never go to school. Many of these negro children, particularly in the country district, are in school only from three to four months in the year. I am trying to get the white people to see that, both from an economic point of view and as a matter of justice and fair play, these conditions must be changed. I am trying to get the white people to see that sending ignorant negroes to jail and penitentiaries, putting them in the chain gang, hanging and lynching them does not civilize, but on the contrary, it brutalizes the negro, it at the same time blunts and dulls the conscience of the white man.

I want the white people to see that it is unfair to expect a black man who goes to school only three months in the year to produce as much on the farm as a white man who has been in school eight or nine months in the year; that it is unjust to let the negro remain ignorant, with nothing between him and the temptation to fill his body with whisky and cocaine, and then expect him, in his ignorance, to be able to know the law and be able to exercise that degree of self-control which shall enable him to keep it.

I am trying to get the white people to realize that since no color line is drawn in the punishment for crime, no color line should be drawn in the preparation of life, in the kind of education, in other words, that makes for useful, clean living.

The men who don't go to jail are either too good, or too rich.

So far as the south is concerned the problem is in process of whole-some solution. The future of the negro has never seemed so promising and bright. As a laborer, citizen and a man the negro, under this bright and beneficent policy, has advanced and is advancing day by day.

There are no greater people in the history of nations than the people of the south. And in view of the history of the Civil war and of the reconstruction period that followed, the southern people have never been greater and wiser than in their present splendid attitude toward their former slaves.—Chicago American.

Colored babies are often regarded as "cuter." If anything, than white babies. A newspaper for negroes, The Crisis, notes the fact that at a recent baby show held in Fall River, the first prize was won by a one-year-old colored baby, the only colored entrant in the contest.

Fuel oil consumption by the United States navy this year is estimated at 30,000,000 gallons.

The estimated production of rice for Japan is 15,668,000 pounds, an increase of 5.1 per cent. over the crop of last year.

During 1912 about 157,600,000 people rode in the omnibus lines of Berlin, about one-third of this number in the power buses.

Designed for feminine use is a new hand mirror fitted with an electric light at one end, current being supplied by a storage battery contained in the handle.

"Cash down fur dis place?" "No, sah." "Den you pass on, an' shet up! Maybe I doan' spell jist de same as you do, but I've got prospects of handlin' sebben hundred dollars, while you got boaf knees out to de weddoh. Go 'long, ole man; yo' too tyy on joggery."

The Reason. "My story's characters were taken from life," said the author, proudly. "Taken from life, were they?" asked the critic. "That accounts for their being such dead ones."



ON STANLEY POOL

ALTHOUGH a big game shooter's diary generally shows a monotonous register of game killed without any striking events, yet there are red-letter days which are impressed on the memory either by a narrow escape from a wounded animal or by the unusual boldness and cunning of the hunted quarry.

Some years ago, says a writer in London Field, I was encamped in a district which was seldom visited by Europeans in India, and news was brought to me of a large panther which had its home in some rocky hills not far from my encampment. Many years' experience with these wary animals had taught me that it was necessary to build a machan at least a day before sitting up for them, so one afternoon I proceeded to the hills, where the panther's den was pointed out to me.

Lair Difficult of Approach.

A scrutiny of the ground showed it to be most unfavorable for securing a suitable position. The cave in which the panther had taken up its abode was at the foot of some high precipitous basaltic rocks, where it was impossible to select a site above the cave, while the ground from the cave sloped steeply downward to the valley beneath, and was covered with large boulders interspersed with scrub jungle.

As it was impossible to find a tree strong enough to bear a machan a platform raised about three feet from the ground, so as to get a view over some boulders, had to be built, and this was inclosed to the front and on both sides by leaf screens. After this was built a goat was tied about twenty yards in front of the machan in a position where it would be visible from the entrance to the cave.

Having seen to all the preparations, I returned to camp, and the next morning the shikaris reported that the goat had been killed.

At 3:30 p. m. Tajam went to the place and, as the goat had been almost entirely devoured, another goat was tied and the shikari and myself took our seats on the platform. To my disgust I found that the shikari had a cold, and his sneezing and coughing were sufficient to drive away any animal. I therefore sent him away, and he had not been gone more than ten minutes when I heard a deep growling behind me.

Turning around suddenly, I saw a large panther lying full length in the scrub, watching me from about three yards' distance. He immediately made a couple of bounds to the left of my machan, where he sat on his hind-quarters watching me and growling viciously.

It was impossible for me to shoot, as the leaves in the screen to the left were too tightly interlaced even if the panther would have remained until I could sight the rifle upon him. My only chance for a shot was that he would pass along in front of where I was sitting, toward the goat. This apparently he had no intention of doing, and we remained in our respective positions until it was nearly dark, when he quietly made off.

On whistling up my men I told them about the behavior of this panther, and the shikari informed me that on leaving he had met it about fifty yards from where I was seated, and as it would not move he threw a stone at it, when it slunk off snarling and growling into the jungle. As it was now quite dark, I unloaded my rifle, and we proceeded together to untie the goat.

Game Finally Bagged.

We had not gone half a dozen yards when there was a rush and we heard a struggle. The shikari and myself both said that it was the panther at the

goat, but the other men would not have it. I, however, reloaded, and as it was too dark to see, advanced slowly to the goat.

On coming up to it we found it in its last death struggle, the panther having seized it by the neck as it rushed past. As I was leaving the next day, I was unable to sit up again for the panther, but the next year when I was at the same place I was told the panther was still there, so I again sat in the same place, when the panther came early, and a right and left from a 12-smooth bore loaded with Lyon's lithal bullets enabled me to add his skin to my trophies.

A second curious experience with a panther was within a couple of hundred yards of the place where the last panther was killed. Here the position was on the ground, but I took the precaution of having a screen all round. This time, too, a goat had not been tied up the previous night, so I had not much hope of the panther coming before dark. However, I took up my position with the shikari early in the afternoon. At about 4 p. m. the shikari, who was on my left, touched me.

For some time I could see nothing, but the shikari, with his eyes, showed me that there was something to his left and close to him. I then through the screen made out a panther lying full length close up against the screen intently watching the goat, which had not seen him.

I did not know what the feelings of the shikari were, but I expected him to cough at any minute, as I myself felt a most extraordinary inclination to do so, a feeling which invariably comes over one while waiting for a shot with nerves at high tension. Luckily, both of us managed to keep quiet, and the panther, after making a prolonged survey of his surroundings, rushed upon the goat, but to my intense annoyance, the rope by which the goat was tied snapped, and the panther, carrying the goat, bounded right up against the front of my screen. Luckily the screen held. The panther was as startled as we were, and dropped the goat.

However, we did not hear him make off, so the shikari quietly raised himself to look over the screen, when, with another rush, the panther seized the goat and bounded across the narrow clearing with it. As he did so I fired with the 500 cordite, and simultaneously the goat was dropped in his tracks. I thought I had hit him badly, but I found afterward no sign of a hit, and with disgust I had to write "missed badly" in my diary that evening.

Whales Being Wiped Out.

The fact that the whale is disappearing is pointed out by Ed Perrier, head of the Paris natural history museum. Several species will probably soon be lost on account of the very active hunting being carried on at present. No less than thirty Norwegian companies are engaged in this work off the western coast of Africa, and on the eastern coast in the Mosambique region. The danger is as great from English enterprises. This account of the future extinction of the whale led the academy to pass resolutions recommending the interest of the government in the matter and calling for an international commission.

A Chilling Prospect.

"There are a great many talented women in this world who could win fame and fortune if they would adopt a career."

"No doubt, but what does it profit a woman to win fame and fortune if some day she is referred to as a 'prominent spinster'?"

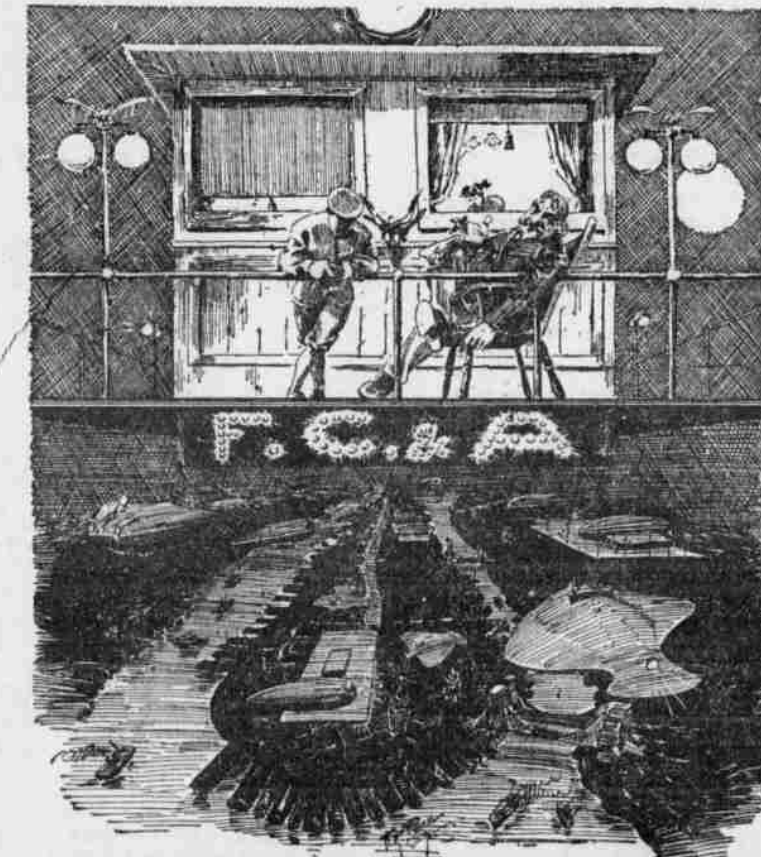
people thought for themselves and worked for themselves, and "never asked what's to do." The world looks back for inspiration and guidance not to the mechanically managed Roman empire, but to Greek republics, and medieval cathedral builders, and outbursts of individual art and freedom of the renaissance.—Chicago Journal.

General Sherman on War.

"I confess, without shame, that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentations of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation."—General Sherman.

Wisdom of Solomon.

The reason Solomon is called the wisest man is because he never tried to tell each of his wives that she was the only woman he ever loved.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



"They called it Broadway, because it had nothing to do with the straight and narrow path."

to explain. New York was a sort of hypnotic-magnet that mesmerized all the young people and lots of the old ones in this country and put into their heads the delusion that they had to go to New York to live. Can you imagine such a thing, Charley? Thousands and millions of people laboring under the delusion that they had to live in one certain place to be happy—and that place New York city!"

"I give it up," said the superintendent. "What was the matter with them?"

"They were afflicted with the New York bug," replied MacManus. "The place had them hypnotized, as I say, no matter how far away they might live. It didn't make any difference who or what or why they were, at some time or other the bug was sure to strike them, and they began to look up time tables to Manhattan Island. Milliners, artists and anarchists, writers or waitresses, they were all alike. It was 'New York or bust' with them all. The fact that the place already was packed tighter than a dynamo made no difference. 'Always room for one more,' they said. There was, too, if they had the price, but the room was apt to be at the end of a hall, and 6 by 8 in size.

"Did that discourage them, you ask? It did not. You see, after anybody had lived in New York over two weeks in those days they developed what was known among our forefathers as the New York point of view. It was a strange thing, that point of view. It made a man talk of his little cubby-hole on the fifth floor of a tenement as 'my apartments.' It made him put up a front, as near to a millionaire's as he could imitate, and he'd live on pork and beans. In other words, the New York point of view was calculated to make everybody and everything look like money, and that was all anybody ever looked for there at that time.

"A young man would come from the hinterland to New York and get a job, and for the first few weeks he'd go along his way as a young man should